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Bitter Sweet

MAINE'S PEOPLE
IN PERSPECTIVE

VOL. SIX, NO. NINE
SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE



Elk Season II

The Complex Maine Art of Marjorie Moore

The Girls of Kent's Hill in 1900
Hunting Indian Artifacts in Fryeburg

3rd Annual
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WRITING
CONTEST WINNERS
from Gorham - Herman - Mexico
Livermore Falls & Rumford



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Ice fishing
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Waterford's Artemus Ward
Winter Sports Conditioning
Drinks That Warm

AUGUST, 1981

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Cumberland-Oxford Canal
Brian Haddock, Bridgton
Housewright
Oxford-Otisfield Rescue Unit
An Adventure in Finnish

SEPTEMBER, 1981

The Forest Service Tower People
Lewiston Mill & Mansion
Architecture
Old Country Schoolmaster
New Country School
Sexual Myths & Teenage
Pregnancy
Storing Food for Winter

NOVEMBER, 1981

Maine's Eldest Civil War
Soldier
Thanksgiving & Venison
Deer Photos by Scott Perry
Two South Berwick Writers:
Sarah Orne Jewett & Gladys
Hasty Carroll
Update on Arthritis

DECEMBER, 1981

C. A. Stephens: *Youth's
Companion* Storyteller
Franco-American Réveillon
19th C. Women Painters
Leslie Bancroft, Olympic Skier
New England Past Photos
Bill Dunlop Profile

OCTOBER, 1982

A Talk With Apple Growers
Norlands at Livermore
Skip Churchill Photos
Hunting Minerals-Jane Perham
Keeping Bees
Genealogy Sleuthing

— and much more! —

FOR A COMPLETE INDEX to all issues since our first in November of 1977,
please send 50¢ and **S.A.S.E.** to **BitterSweet Index**
P.O. Box 6 - Norway, ME 04268

BitterSweet Views

"Before long it will be (the child) who teaches us to look. If our aim is to guide his eyes and widen their field of vision, it is important not to be in a hurry and to make as few mistakes as possible."

That incomparable French writer, Colette, wrote the above words about her own daughter, called "Bel-Gazou" (loosely-translated, beautiful infant). There has been so much talk lately about the tragic poverty, neglect, death and abuse of children; and such attack on the educational system; that I often find it important to re-read these words, written in an earlier time, by a woman capable of such passionate appreciation of children.

I also think back to my own educational past—to those teachers who taught me the most. We all have them: without exception they were the teachers who demanded the most work, the most independent thinking, the most excellence in quality. They were the people who shared with us the mysteries of the universe, the inner diagrams of language, the conclusions of science, the wonders of the civilized world, the fulfillment of the arts.

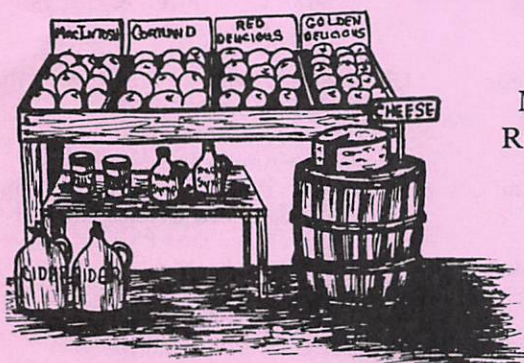
They were not always our favorite teachers at the time, of course. But, simply because they were demanding, and they were knowledgeable and sensitive, their striving for excellence taught us.

This is all by way of introducing our third annual *Young People's Writing* winners. A striving for proper grammar, a sensitive handling of the fears and joys and worries of growing up are evident in their work—as is the influence of good teachers. We think you will enjoy them again.

This is also to tell you faithful *BitterSweet* readers that I am in the process of changing careers this September. I am joining the ranks of educators. The challenge seems enormous, but I hope the rewards will be good.

This does not mean that my association with the magazine will be severed. As you read this, work is already under way on all our fall and winter issues. Beyond that, no one can yet say. *BitterSweet* is still for sale.

In this issue, we also have a good teacher and fascinating artist, Marjorie Moore. Those of you who have never stopped learning (whatever your age)



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should find interesting the tales of archaeological digs in Fryeburg, or cross-country travels by Model A, undertaken by a young Maine woman in 1928.

The old-time school pictures of Kent's Hill Seminary and College, ca. 1900, belonged to my great-aunt, Alice May Hamlin Warren, originally of South Waterford. She was preceptress of the school early in a long and distinguished teaching career. They make an interesting counterpoint to the work of today's adolescents.

Notice to Readers (& Writers)

Looking ahead to our **6th Birthday**, we are hoping that our **November** issue may contain comments from our readers. Won't you write us this month (before Oct. 5th) and tell us what *BitterSweet* has meant to you? Our letters-to-the-editor column (Ayah) is notoriously short of mail. Perhaps it's like the old joke about the little boy whose parents could not get him to speak until, one morning, he said, "The toast is burned." When his parents asked him why he had not spoken before, he said, "Nothing was ever wrong before." Well, we'd like you to write us a short note and tell us what's been *right*, so we may publish it as a birthday salute. (Write "Attention: Birthday" on the envelope.) And, oh yes, our November issue will be a Maine humor special, with lots of short stories and Yankee quips from our files.

In upcoming issues: Maine War Heroes, the Hamlin Family, Small Woodlot Owners Association, new fiction, and lots of profiles of people living and working in our state. Don't miss an issue! **Subscriptions:** Sept.-Dec. 1983: \$4.00.

Nancy Chute Marcotte, Editor

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Cross Roads

7 Young People's Writing Contest, 1983. Winners of our third contest, from Rumford Jr. High, Gorham, Mexico, Livermore Falls, and Herman High Schools.

The Young People of Kent's Hill, ca. 1900: Old-time photography.

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30 "The Mainers" Cartoon by Tim Sample.

Cover: *Elk Season II*, 1983, mixed media on paper, 32 x 36, by Marjorie Moore.

Goings On

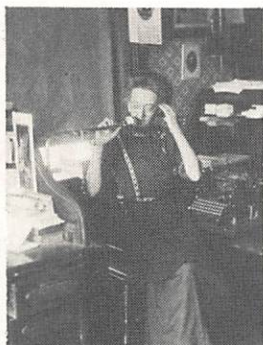
Agricultural Fairs

Sept. 8-11 - Clinton Lions Club Fair, Clinton
Sept. 9-11 - Litchfield Fair, Litchfield
Sept. 11-17 - Oxford County Agricultural Fair, Oxford
Sept. 18-24 - Franklin County Agricultural Society, Farmington
Sept. 23-25 - Common Ground Fair, Windsor
Sept. 24-25 - New Portland Lions Club Fair, North New Portland
Sept. 25-Oct. 1 - Cumberland Farmers Club Fair, Cumberland Center
Oct. 2-9 - West Oxford Agricultural Society, Fryeburg

Contra Dancing

East Sumner Grange, Rt. 219, the second Fri. of each month, 8:00 p.m. **Sept. 9, Oct. 14, Nov. 11.** Music by *Oxford County Stumpjumpers*. Circles, squares, contras, waltzes, all dances taught. \$2.50. Fun for whole family.

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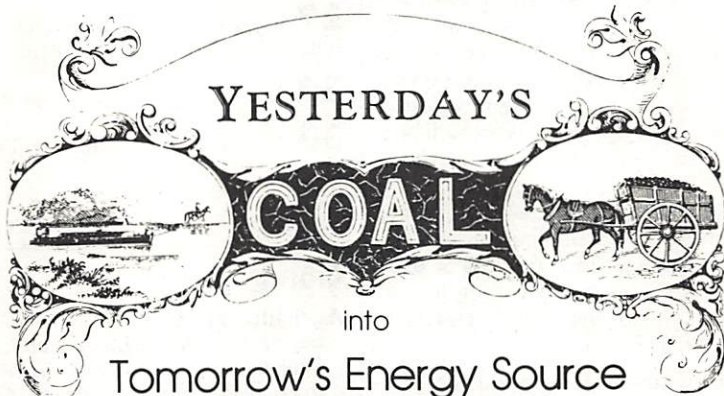


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Young People's Writing, 1983

THERE IS NOBODY THERE

Standing at the window
On a cold, rainy day,
The poor young mother
Wills herself away.

She wills herself to a land
Of bright white and gold,
Where violets and lilacs
Bloom blue and bold.

She has dreamed of this before,
This place she has called Heaven.
The world is so cruel
To this girl of ten and seven.

The world is changing so quickly
Just before her eyes,
That while her baby sleeps,
Silently she cries.

There is no one to hold her,
There is no one to care.
When she reaches out for someone,
There is nobody there.

She gazes in the distance
To the mountains afar.
As darkness closes in,
She wishes on a star.

She knows that it is hopeless,
She knows it's of no use.
She turns away from the window,
This victim of life's abuse.

Melissa Ames, 14
Rumford Junior High School
Carol Nielsen, Teacher

With the writing of today's teen-agers, we present the photographs of the young people of 1900—The Girls of Kent's Hill. Above: "gym class," with student and later dean of women, Alice Hamlin Warren, kneeling at left

TREED

Only the sky was over my branch
And dizzying height was under.
The wood was a rough lizard under my hands
And the wind blew like Thor's own thunder.

My very best pants had a rip in the knee,
My jacket was below on the ground.
I was up, defeated, in this mighty oak tree
And I just couldn't get down.

The mean bigger boys from up the street
Had chased me to my leafy throne,
Trampled my jacket under their feet
And then, laughing, had gone home.

I sat up in my tree for at least an hour,
A long time in the mind of a boy,
Feeling absolutely without any power
As the neighborhood kids laughed with joy.

As supertime hungrily rolled around,
My mother called my name.
I answered her with a "help me" sound
And my big brother disgustedly came.

He climbed the tree quite easily,
He grabbed my trembling hand,
He brought me down from my tree
And toward our home we ran.

Julie Cohen, 13
Rumford Junior High School
Carol Nielsen, Teacher

A SUMMER OF LOVE, A WINTER OF HEALING

The last summer that I remember my mother living at home was the summer when I was ten years old. I remember that summer as one of the best ever. Mom took my brother and me to the beach almost every day. We'd pack a lunch, load up the red Volkswagen bug, and journey to Ferry Beach in Scarborough. Often we'd stop at a small store just before the beach and get root beer popsicles and small wooden gliders. Because we'd arrived early, we would get the best spots on the beach. Our days were spent building sandcastles, skipping up the shore and turning cartwheels, and collecting sand dollars. I relished that summer, thinking that no other kid was lucky enough to have a mother like mine. I thought the bliss would never end.

Then one day a few months later, my parents had a talk with my brother and me. They explained that Mom was going to live somewhere else for a while. I was stunned, wondering how she could desert us. Their voices droned on, but I was too shocked to decipher what was being said. I had been given no warning whatsoever; of course my parents fought, but most married couples do, and besides, I was at an age where I wouldn't have understood even if I had suspected something. Divorce was something I knew very little of, and none of my friends had divorced parents.

I didn't understand why Mom and Dad didn't love each other any more; did that mean they didn't love us, either? If they tried to explain things that day, I don't remember the conversation. All I heard was Mom saying that things were for the better. "Better for who?" I thought indignantly.

Later that afternoon, Dad, Billy, and I went to visit some friends, and when we got home, Mom was gone. As I walked in the front door, a lonely emptiness seemed to be settling on the house. I noticed a few articles missing: her shoes from the mat in the front hall, her afghan which was usually draped across the rocking chair, a few pans from the rack in the kitchen. As I discovered each of these, a new pain stung my heart. The worst came later on that night as I got ready for bed—Mom's toothbrush was no longer beside mine.

During the next few weeks I saw Mom a few times. But it wasn't like before. I had such a hard time comprehending the situation. Had Billy and I been such rotten kids that we had made Mom want to leave? Maybe Dad would leave after a while, too. These questions filled me with fear. I was so afraid of the answers that it wasn't until years later that I expressed these thoughts to my Dad.

"I wouldn't have left you," he said. "In fact, I would have fought to be able to keep you." But at the time, not knowing what would happen

was like a nightmare.

I learned my future one night about a month after Mom had left. She came over to the house and said that she and Dad were getting a divorce.

"No!" I screamed. "You can't!"

"Oh, stop crying," my mother said. "Don't tell me you didn't expect it."

I couldn't believe how insensitive she was being. I guessed she really didn't love us any more.

Later I asked Dad why we weren't going to live with Mom. He said she didn't want the responsibility of us any more. She wanted to come and go as she pleased and to be single again. All I could think was: "She's abandoning us."

For a year and a half I refused to speak to my mother.

I tried to push all thoughts of the incident out of my mind and forget the pain. Although my conscious mind seemed able to block most of it, my subconscious wasn't as easily fooled. My schoolwork got increasingly worse, and, although my teacher suspected family problems, I wouldn't confide in her. The one person I did tell was Dana, my childhood "sweetheart." It just came out casually one day, and even though we didn't discuss it at all, Dana treated me a little differently after that. Sometimes he would even avoid me. My embarrassment deepened and I became more bitter.

I never let on how much I had been hurt until the second Christmas Mom had been gone. She came to the house to give my brother and me a gift, and she took me aside. She explained that she still loved me but that it was very important for her to be on her own.

"Honey, I got married in high school and jumped right into being a full-time wife and mother. I never had any time to myself; for eleven years I tried to be patient and to give to everyone else, and now I want to give to me. Please forgive me; I never meant to push you out of my life."

We both collapsed in a flood of tears and all the suppressed feelings of the last year and a half flowed out. We vowed to work towards understanding and love, and in the months following Christmas, we grew to be almost as close as our last summer together.

Elizabeth Chicoine, 18*
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

*Submitted with her parents' permission

BJACIA

Blanche Shalkoski, my great-grandmother, was born in 1895 in the city of Krakow, which is a mass of potato fields and farmers' huts located in the country of Poland.

Instead of going to school, my great-grandmother worked in these fields until she was

ready to lead her own life. With the little money she saved, at the age of thirteen she sailed to Salem, Massachusetts, "under the sea," as she would say. She was the only child of a family of eight who had this ambition to leave her native land.

When she arrived in Salem, she was sent to the immigration service, where she was given bread, bananas, and a place to live. When she ate her sustenance, she was not pleased. Being in a strange country with strange foods, she ate the banana with the peel on! To this day, she has not eaten another banana.

Bjacia (meaning Grandmother in Polish) moved to the Polish Community, where she met her future husband. My great-grandfather had a more difficult time getting to America than did Bjacia; he was caught trying to leave Poland, and was threatened with death. Luckily, he was able to bribe the soldiers with whiskey and saved his own life. My great-grandparents met in this poor community. Both immigrants from Poland, they were looking for security at such a young age, and married within weeks.

Great-grandfather was a leather tanner in Danvers, Massachusetts. He and Bjacia bought a house and she still lives there now. Bjacia was a housewife and bore seven children in her own home. My father was born there, also. She has never lived anywhere else in America and will probably die there, too.

She has raised her family to be strong, hard working, and caring. You could say this was her philosophy of life. For example, when her children grew out of their clothes, she sent the clothes to Poland. She did this hoping some poor relatives might receive them.

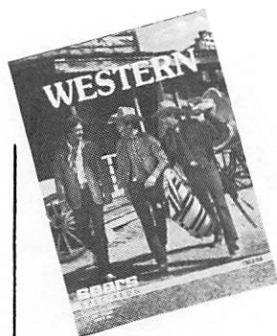
This philosophy had a great effect on her daughter, Helen. Aunt Helen saved enough

money to bring a distant cousin to America. This guest was Anya. Anya stayed here one year and then the government ordered her back to Poland. My Aunt Helen has sent letters, money, and clothing monthly, but she has only received one letter from poor Anya. My aunt had difficulty reading this letter because the government had censored it.

My great-grandmother has been determined to pass on traditions. The most common custom was to use the land as much as you could. Although there were supermarkets, Bjacia raised her own cows, grew her own vegetables, and picked berries for the most delicious pies and jams. She taught us which berries you eat and which you don't. She taught this to my father by threatening not to make pies. During berry season, my father would row my great-grandmother across the lake, where she would pick berries for hours. She always wore a kerchief and had a rope around her waist to hold the berry can. Her kerchief is called a *babushka*. My father tried to help, but he was soon bored and ate the berries he had picked. After she picked the berry bushes clean, my Bjacia and my father would row home, singing songs in Polish. This is probably the most successful tradition, because I, myself, have experienced this journey.

The most important tradition passed on from Bjacia is that of the *aupotki*. On my last visit to see my great-grandmother, we carried out this ritual. *Aupotki* is a bread wafer representing Christ's body; each family member receives a piece of this wafer and he or she goes around the room sharing their *aupotki* with someone and giving them a wish for the future. When Bjacia and I were exchanging our love, she said I came to tell her how much I loved her before she died. I denied this, for I





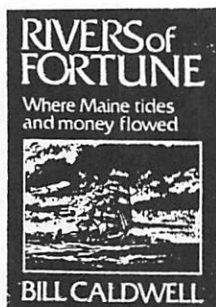
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know she will live many more years. As I was giving her my own last hug, I could feel her motherly hands tuck in my shirt and pull down my sweater. I know she will never stop caring and loving, and neither will I.

*Anne LaMontagne, 14
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher*

BY THE SEASHORE

Down by the seashore where no one goes
The sun is setting beyond the rocks.
The waves wash the water where no one
knows

And a girl is skipping along the docks.

The girl is alone and they let her be.
There isn't a ship left on the sea.
No one would dare to go where she
Finds pleasure in skipping along the sea.

She is carrying a basket where she puts a shell.
She is getting tired and the wind can tell.

The white washed waves are now sweeping
the docks
But they sink into a hole near where the girl
walks.

The wind is getting stronger and the leaves are
wild,

Twisting and turning to save the little child.

But the whirlwind is round, as round as the hole
And the seashore is washing the crimson of her
soul.

There is blood on the seashore where nobody
goes.

But where, where is the little girl that
nobody knows?

*Jennifer Sassi, 12
Rumford Junior High School
Carol Nielsen, Teacher*

EVA O'GRADY LANE

Spring had arrived, and it was time to bury my great-grandmother. Eva O'Grady Lane had passed away several days earlier.

I didn't believe my mother when I returned home from school that day, and she told me that Nana Lane was dead. I didn't believe it until I ran to the room behind the kitchen and found her missing.

Time froze as I stood there in the doorway of her untouched room. The curtains were drawn, her music box that played "My Wild Irish Rose" was in its usual spot, and the covers of the tiny bed in the corner were thrown back and nearly off the bed for reasons about which I dared not inquire. I left the lifeless room, accepting my nana's death but feeling very empty. As I closed the door, "My Wild Irish Rose" played softly, for I had wound Nana's music box.

This woman left the world so quickly, so abruptly. It seemed like only yesterday she had been jiggling it up in front of the whole family



for her last birthday: her ninety-third.

There was an air of closeness in the car as my mother, father, sister, and I drove to Brooks for the funeral this day. We knew Nana disliked hearses, funerals, and mourning, so we replaced the fancy black hearse with the back of our station wagon. I shuddered when the casket in back of me slipped as we took the hills at a steady rate.

Brooks, Maine, is nothing more than a speck in the nowhere lands of central Maine. However, it is where Nana was born and raised after her family had situated themselves following their journey from Ireland.

The old graveyard on the side of the hill was perfect; the burial looked like a scenario out of

a storybook. The grass was green and so were the great maple and oak trees. The wind blew strongly, sometimes flapping the pages of the Good Book which the minister held.


The service was brief, just as Nana would have wanted it.

The crowd dispersed as we headed for the wake at the church next door, the same church my nana had attended. The frivolity of the wake left me stunned at first. The cake, sandwiches, pie, and whiskey were not what I had expected, and neither was the dancing. However, as time passed, I became more relaxed and understood that, for these people, death was not a time for mourning, but a time to celebrate one's past and one's future.

Below: The faculty of Kent's Hill Seminary and College, ca. 1903. Alice Hamlin Warren, preceptress, is third from the left, front row. These are her photographs.



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Sue Beckerley

We left early to return home in time for dinner. I was the last of my family to go. I looked out the church window and saw the fresh grave and felt a strange emotion without a name. I turned and walked to the door, waving to those who were still dancing to the record player. The door opened hard and it was raining now. I closed it gently and walked toward the waiting car while "My Wild Irish Rose" played softly.

Ed Needham, 14
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

THE OLD ACADEMY

It seemed like the summer was shorter and sadder; but it was really two weeks longer.

The reason why she burned down is unknown, but the whole town was saddened by the loss of the old girl. Everyone missed the Old Wilton Academy; it meant something special to each and every one of us.

For some, it meant a part of their lives was gone. Most of the townspeople had gone to the old school. Many had met their husbands or wives there. Their children were going to the old brick building right up to the day she was taken away from the people who were so proud of her.

I remember an old man telling me about the first day he went to school there; he was eight years old then. He said, "She was here many years before I was born. I never thought I would see her go in my life."

He was 102 when Wilton Academy closed its doors for the last time on Friday afternoon. Two days after the school had been destroyed, he died of natural causes.

Ken Millett, 16
Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Shacter, Teacher

WHEN I WAS SMALLER

When I was smaller, the summer was longer. Toy surprises found in cereal were a treat. Papa Bear kept me from falling off the bed and Mama tucked me in. Then the teacher came and gave me a tag. There she wrote my name... Now I'm older and time flies by too fast to see. Sometimes I wonder if it will ever stop so I can hear the wind blow under the eaves where Papa Bear sits now.

Debbie Curtis, 14
Fayette, Maine
Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Shacter, Teacher

THE ROAD

I'm not sure how long I've been lying here. From the dryness of the blood on the pavement, I would guess about an hour and a half. I cannot tell by the sun because it is past the hours of illumination. When I left Carmel it



The dashing girls and boys of Kent's Hill Seminary (near Augusta).

was somewhere around 9:30 p.m. or so. I'm not sure how long I was traveling. Time passes quickly with a cool summer's breeze blowing your hair back, and no noise except for the purring of a two-stroke engine beneath you.

I was at my girlfriend's house earlier. We were listening to some Springsteen and reading. I was just beginning a book by Stephen R. Donaldson. It was kind of an epic fantasy, I guess. He has several books in the series, but I chose to begin with the last one. Just goes to show you how the world is going today; a-- backwards. She was reading something by Stephen King, short stories or something, I'm not sure to tell you the truth. Robin's in college and she commutes back and forth to the University of Maine at Orono, if you've ever heard of it. She has to get up early tomorrow so I had to leave sooner than usual. It's funny how much timing has to do with fate, isn't it?

I said it was a warm summer's night; well, that's true in a way. Actually, it's September, and if you've ever been to Maine in September, you probably know that it can get pretty cold, but tonight the air has that feeling of warmth in it like it does in the heart of summer. Most likely it will be the last such night before the snow begins to fall, and the hunters don their orange garments. Since it is such a night, I figured it would be the last time me and my Honda 350 would get the opportunity to become part of the road and each other, before next summer.

That's how it is, you know. If you own a bike, you may understand what I'm saying. Every time I climb into her seat, I feel a power: a power that seems to emerge from somewhere within the machine's valves and pistons. It gives me something—something I need on a

night such as this. I'd like to think that I give her something also. I want to think that without me she could not come to life and groan to move down the endless road. It is endless, you know. A person could travel forever and never span all the black pavement in this world. It is always there, and there is always more of it.

Do you know what we're going to do someday? Someday we're going to start riding down the road and we won't stop. At least not until we find a place we can call home, kinda like a blood clot in the human body. We'll just keep branching off onto smaller roads until we find a place to lodge ourselves, and there we'll stay. Just the two of us, and Robin, of course. Well, we will! Someday.

Oh, sh-- my head hurts. I can't see very well; I think it's because of the bump on my head. Everything is kinda blurry, or is it just the fog out tonight? I can't remember if it was foggy when I left Robin's or not. She wanted me to call her when I got home, just to make sure I was o.k. I laughed and told her I'd be fine; I'd call her tomorrow when she got home. So she's probably in bed, same as my family. They trust me to get home at night.

Did I tell you about my family? I didn't? Oh, they're super. My mom's a nurse, she works into the Eastern Maine Medical Center four nights a week. She's got tonight off. My dad is the head of a logging company. He does real good, too good sometimes. None of my brothers or my sister could get student loans when they went to college because he busts those special money brackets all to hell, and probably I'll be no different. He's about 45 now, I guess. My oldest brother is married and is still going to college. It's his seventh year—oh, don't think he's trying to be one of those profes-

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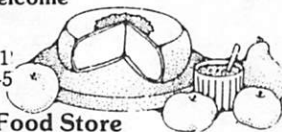
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sional students or anything. He's going to be a lawyer, and that takes a lot of school. This is his last year, as a matter of fact. We're going to throw him one hell of a wing-ding when he passes his bar exam. Come to think of it, we're going to throw him one hell of a wing-ding even if he doesn't pass. I know he will, though.

I've got a sister, too. She's in the University same as Robin. She's a little older than I am; her name's Shelley. Her senior year of high school she was on a state championship basketball team; she started center. Once when I was real little, she buttered me up slipperier than an eel while Mom was on the phone in the other room. I slipped off the sideboard and almost broke my god-damned neck—oops, Mom doesn't like me to swear. I have one other brother; Scott is his name. He already graduated from the university. He's older than Shelley and younger than Billy. I can't really tell you about him, you've got to meet him, I guess. He's the type of guy that's going to make it, somewhere. He's got a degree in psychology—it's a bachelors, and jobs are hard to find with only a bachelors. He may go and get his masters someday, who knows? He graduated third in his class out of the psychology students. Even if he doesn't go on, then the only people missing out are all those screwed-up sons of (oops) . . . in the world today that need a good psychologist, because, like I said, he's gonna make it, somewhere.

How much time has passed? I could rattle on all night long, but I had better stop, I can't hear anything off in the distance when I talk.

There goes another deer crossing the road. That's the fifth one tonight.

Why am I here and why do I have all this time to talk? Well, I had a little accident, you see. I got to enjoying the damn ride so much, I forgot to pay attention to the road and I hit a rat—that's right, a rat. It dumped me. I got a few problems now. One is that I can't move a muscle. It's not because of the bike pinning me or anything like that. I'm not sure what the reason is, all I know is that I can see the bike over there in the bushes all crumpled and twisted, and I can't move. My other problems? I'm in the middle of the road. I guess it's worse than that, even—you see, I am laying just over the crest of a hill and if anyone comes, and if that person is even half as nightstruck as I was when I hit that rat, then I got problems. There is some good news, if it can be considered that. I'm on a deserted back road, and there hasn't been a car come through yet. Well, it's not really a deserted road—I'd just like to believe that. It can't be deserted, I'm here. If my luck keeps up, then I'll be all right until morning, and then the postman will come on through, nice and slow. I don't know, though, I think it's still shy of 12:30. Who knows, time passes like I have an eternity to wait. It's a Thursday, so not too many parties should be out. I think

there's a night watchman who lives on this road, but I'm not sure. I don't know how much blood I've lost, but I am feeling oddly cold for such a warm night. I think my legs are broken, among other things. I feel very helpless, and if it weren't for counting the deer I believe I would go mad. The road remains very empty and very quiet . . .

Gregg Palmer, 19
Carmel, Maine
Herman High School

RISING TIDES

A pink-faced child sits on the sand,
Listening to the shouting sea.
The waves wash high, two sticky hands
Obliterate wet grown-up tears
That hurt and sting, and show young pride
In ruins far beyond repair.
He thought his castle would survive,
Being tall and bold and of sound build.
But nothing is safe from rising tides—
They wreck sand castles without a care.

Sharon Peck

THIS SURVIVES

In the pale, watercolor wash of the sky,
'Midst sparsely splattered airbrush clouds,
A hope drifts down from heavens high
And alights upon a crying cloud.

When love is lost from faithless souls,
When wicked thoughts invade black minds,
A hope will cast a golden glow
On Earth, and never cease to shine.

The angels smile their lovely smiles
For they know that hope will never die.
In this world that's lost its truth, there lies
An eternal hope, and this survives.

Sharon Peck, 16
Gorham High School
Edward Willett, Teacher

ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG ADVENTURER

It was a warm winter day. The sun had been melting everything in sight. My brother Frank had been preparing himself to venture forth with his friends, Peter and Scott. Frank is a great brother. I always looked up to him and when I needed him for guidance, he was there. I asked him if I could go out with him. He said no, because I would "just be in the way." I was determined, however, and when I am determined, nothing stands in my way.

I next approached my father. "Dad," I asked, innocently, "can I go out to play with Frankie?" "No. Maybe you ought to stay inside. You might catch cold," he replied.

He never actually said I had to stay inside, he just suggested it. I ignored his suggestion and followed my brother.

Frankie resented my following him up the long, winding driveway. He kept turning around, giving a quick little sigh, and speeding

up his pace. Every step he took, I would try to put my next step in the hole in the snow he made. Sort of following in his footsteps.

As we approached the top of the hill, we could make out the two forms of Peter and Scott standing with their arms folded, patiently awaiting us. Peter and Scott were the same age—twins, in fact. They were not identical, but I still had trouble telling them apart because their mother had a peculiar habit of dressing them the same. I thought it was funny until I realized that my mother had been doing the same with Frank and me.

"Why did you have to bring him along?" Pete asked, pointing at me.

"I didn't bring him along," my brother said, looking at me angrily. "He followed me."

"Can we send him back?" Scott hinted that I was an uninvited guest. After I pleaded for what seemed like hours, we—or that is, they—finally compromised that I could tag along if I kept my mouth shut and stayed out of their way.

We all marched into the woods, searching for something to do. All was silent as we followed my brother. Occasionally, he would grab a tree branch, shake it, and the snow would come tumbling down upon us. Everyone would repeat his actions except for me. I was much too short to reach the branches.

All seemed hopelessly boring, and as we were preparing to call it an afternoon, there appeared before us a small frozen pond. We were quickly excited at the discovery of the small body of water.

There was much to be done—experiments: we all had to see how thick the ice was and if it would support our weight. Scott had broken a branch off a tree and was now whacking the surface of the ice. It seemed like a good idea to me, so I thought I would do it, too. I walked right next to Scott, who was still whacking and prepared to give the ice some smashing blows of my own when he turned on me furiously.

"What do you think you're doing?" he screamed. I was too confused to answer.

"You're too young, too little to do this," he told me. "Let us men handle this."

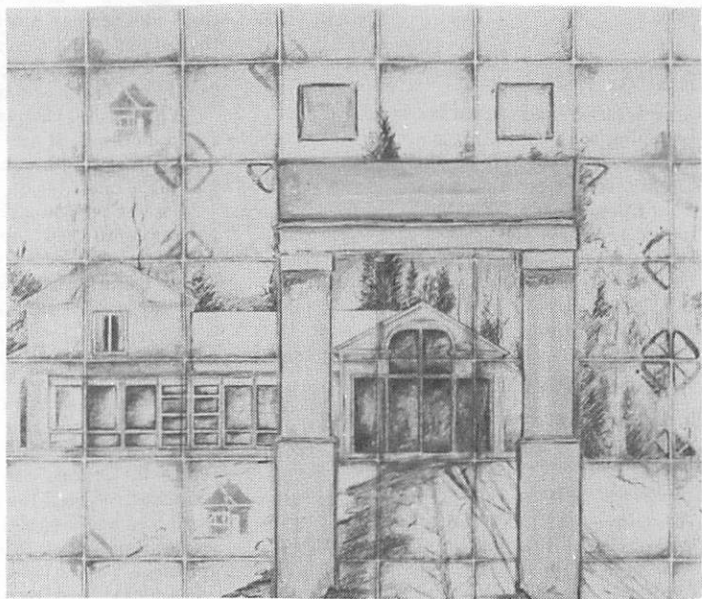
I never knew that the age of eight made you a man, but I did not argue with him. I threw my stick in anger and walked away from him. He said nothing of my actions and continued with his job.

The three "men" had been whacking away for some time now and I thought it was funny how they had not even scratched the surface of the ice.

Scott was really getting mad and he showed it by hitting the ice harder and harder. He tried to hit it so hard that the stick slipped from his hand and slid to the center of the frozen pond. He cursed and swore, but dared not go onto the ice to get it for fear he might fall in. What a

Page 19 . . .

THE ESSENTIAL COMPLEXITIES



Above: a Moore illustration for the show Maine Architecture/New Traditions, at the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art in 1983. Below: the artist's studio, work in progress.



MAINE ARTIST MARJORIE MOORE

by Nancy Marcotte



"I had a hard time trying to decide what art courses to major in," says Marjorie Moore. "I always liked everything."

Everything, at art school in Syracuse, New York, was illustration, ad design, painting, mask-making, puppetry, and—her final major—printmaking. Such is the introduction to the complexities of this artist's mind.

In spite of all these potential areas of emphasis, it was actually soft sculpture that first brought success to Marjorie Moore. Odd, multi-faceted characters and puppets sat in the windows of her Rumford farmhouse, startling passers-by.

"I like to sew," she also says "and that became a figurative thread from puppets into sculpture. I'm still very into figurative work; and always interested in putting things together."

Putting things together aptly describes the work Marjorie Moore does today in a studio above the barn of her home on School Street, Brunswick. Soft sculpture has become hard construction; stuffed people have become people's environments—houses, landscapes, constructivist collages with many pieces. Then these architectural shadow-boxes have become painterly, with surfaces and backgrounds like intricate dollhouses spinning into space, or bulging canvases bursting their frames, or amazing drawings of another plane of reality.

When asked her favorite influence, she names Robert Venturi, a Philadelphia architect famous for stating that arts

with "complexities and contradictions add to the richness of our experience" and create "tensions which give vitality" to life.

The architectural inference is understandable—Marjorie's husband Steven is an architect whom she met at school. Their collaboration includes children Ian and Jenny. (See *BitterSweet*, March, 1983.)

Interpreting her surroundings is very important to Moore's work. "I want people to take another look at the traditional Maine landscape," she says, "to see what they don't want to see. I don't romanticize rural poverty. I don't poke fun at it or copy it, either. But I recognize the irony in situations. I look at the way things sit in their surroundings."

This includes motels with pink flamingoes on their lawns, and diners with checkerboard tile floors, or billboards sporting houses painted in flamboyant colors. These are often tacky but always real images which people are uncomfortable seeing and sometimes don't want in their own spaces. That's all right with Moore.

It was Venturi who said Main Street America, with all its haphazard imperfections, was "almost all right." Moore's work makes us see that the complexities are there because of necessity.

There is a certain Edward Hopper-ish quality which Marjorie Moore has of looking intensely at simple environments—only for Marjorie it is more often the roughness of the countryside at which



she stares. There are bucolic plywood cows standing in her studio—but this isn't peaceful reality. Antlered deer leap over cabins; dogs bay at the moon on Moore constructions. "This is rural Maine to me," she asserts.

Politically removing herself and her family from the city was a well-calculated step for the Ohio native. In the course of time, she came back to a smaller Maine city with a better-defined vision. She says she had worked some things out of her system ("motherhood, women's issues") and could start on a variety of projects. She had learned to discipline her working time around the needs of small children. She had sold puppets and taught at short-term residencies and workshops.

One project she did then was a mural for Deering High School. She included architectural details of the old school, and memorabilia from past yearbooks—thus proving what Edna St. Vincent Millay said: "life isn't one darn thing after another; it's one darn thing *over and over*."

There seems to be little that she will not try. Not long ago, Marjorie Moore took a group of mentally-handicapped people from Spindleworks in Brunswick into a

supermarket, to pick out and buy "An Item I Want To Be." That item then became a puppet, enlarged onto a 4x8 foamcor sheet. Giant pizzas, cokes, beets, etc. then went back to the supermarket for a videotaped "event"—at which they popped out of a big bag and Marjorie was the shopper. Not only did those folks experience the supermarket and the artistic work, they were also taken out of their limited selves and given the power to expand their imaginations. It was a complexity they had never encountered before.

Marjorie's latest project has been the creation of eight drawings to accompany a show on contemporary Maine architecture at the Payson Gallery, Westbrook College. These were architectural plans occupying living spaces, as she interpreted them (see page 16).

Moore likes to study the mystery of all objects, to puzzle over them a long while before transferring her intuitive vision to paper or wood. The views overlap, as if in a photographic montage of things past and present, real and imaginary. It is truly an art appreciative of the mind.

"Risk is important," she insists. "If I ever stopped growing or became afraid to take a chance, I'd do something else."

man, I thought, afraid to go onto the ice to get a stick.

"I'll get it. I'm not afraid of a little ice," I said to him with a sneer.

I walked right onto the ice, and was bending down to pick up the stick when I heard a booming crack. I panicked and tried to run, but I was no match for the slick ice as I lost my footing and plunged headlong into the icy depths. The water was deathly black. I pawed desperately at something to help me out of the icy liquid. I thought I was going to die. I screamed and no sound came out. I swallowed more and more water. I was more scared than I have ever been in my life.

I looked up. I could see the surface of the icy water and the three faces peering down at me from above, looking as helpless as I felt. They were so close, I thought, but why couldn't I reach them? And then, three hands were upon me. I was suddenly and brutally dragged from the water that I thought would be my grave.

I lay on the bank, shivering and cold. I coughed the water from my lungs. Voices all around me wanted to know if I was all right. I could not answer them. I looked at the three and began to cry. I cried as they took me home. The three, who had moments earlier despised me, now hung on my every breath. I cried when I was joyfully reunited with my parents.

Thomas Spurr, 15
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

THE RAID

I peered out between the wooden planks of the hideout. I saw the building I was to raid through the dense layer of pines. Someone walked out the back door and called my name.

"I know you're out there; there's no use hiding," the voice rang out. I remained motionless and silent for fear of being detected.

When the coast was clear, my raid went into action. I scaled down to the ground using a knotted rope. As soon as I hit the soft pine needles, I rolled under a bush to conceal myself. I could see the door twenty feet away.

Now came the toughest part, which I had planned and practiced for days. I had to crawl across the grass to the door. If I got caught then, I was dead.

Finally the door was within reach. I opened it silently and peeked in. The room was empty. I heard footsteps upstairs, so I knew it was safe to come in.

I looked around the room and my treasure came into view: Country Kitchen doughnuts. My favorite flavor, too. I put them under my arm and bolted out the door to the safety of the treehouse.

David Larrivel, 18
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

CHILDHOOD IS . . .

Playing outside so long you can't make it to the bathroom . . .

Stepping on worms and playing in puddles after a rainstorm . . .

Wanting a puppy you can't have . . .

Being old enough to know what you want and young enough to get it . . .

Fighting with your brothers and sisters . . .

Building a snowman . . .

Snooping for Christmas presents . . .

Dressing for Halloween . . .

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AUTOMOTIVE GENIUSES LOCATE KEY!

Britt slammed the door and headed for the nearest entrance to McDonald's. Suddenly she stopped. "Oh, my God," she whined.

"What?" Sally and I asked, almost simultaneously.

"You guys won't believe this," Britt said, rolling her eyes back in her head.

"Whad-ya-do, Britt, lock the keys in the car?" I joked. I had done it the week before. Britt didn't laugh.

"Oh-oh," Sally moaned.

"No kidding," Britt replied. "My parents have gone away for the weekend, remember?" I leaned against the car and sighed.

"Maybe my aunt has a key," Britt optimistically stated.

"Well, let's call and find out," Sally insisted.

"Good idea. Britty, you call while Sal and I get something to eat. You want anything?"

"Big Mac, large fries, and a large Coke, please," Britt said while struggling with her wallet. "Anybody got a quarter?"

"Ya, here," Sally said, tossing a quarter across the car.

Sally and I ordered our meals and sat down. Britty met us at the table with a big smile.

"My aunt said there's a key taped to the radiator under the hood," she joyfully blabbered.

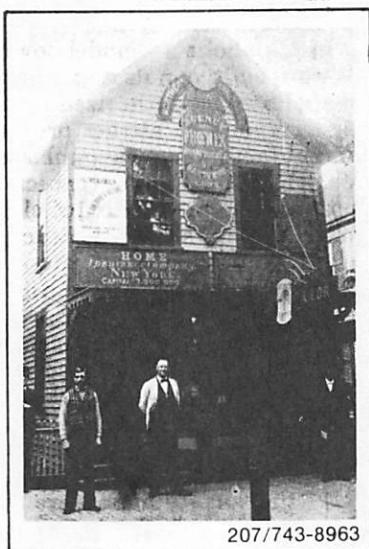
"Great," Sally said. "How do you propose we get under the hood without pulling the hood release inside the locked car?"

"No, no Sal. This is an older car, so the thingy is under the front of the grill," I explained. Then I thought to myself, "What am I saying? I don't know anything about cars!"

We finished dinner quickly so we could find the key and make it to the 7:00 movie, not too far down the road. Britty was first to try to open the hood. "Ouch!" she blurted.

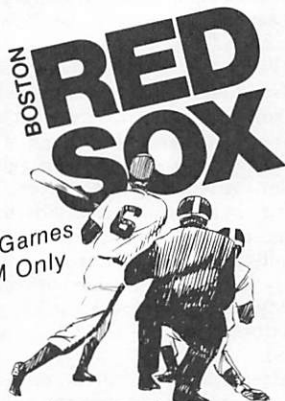
"What happened?" inquired Sally.

"Something bit me," Britt answered, clutching her fingers. "I couldn't find any latch down there, Tam."



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Chicago 2:00 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.	Red Sox 7:30 p.m.
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"Terrific," I said as I moved toward the car's side window. I peeked in, trying to see if there was a hood release in there. I prayed I wouldn't see one. "Phew," I exhaled, trotting back to the front of the car. "It has to be here somewhere." I determinedly clutched the hood. "Right about here is where my Dad always goes." I fiddled around, managing only to break a fingernail. "Oh, wait a minute, I think I found it."

POP!! The hood released and I pushed it up as far as I could. Sally bent over the engine. Britty and I did the same.

"My aunt said it was wrapped in black tape and attached to a wire near the radiator," Britty reminded us while she fished around a bunch of multi-colored wires.

We looked at the ominous machine that lay before us.

"Tam?" Britty looked lost. "Do you know what a radiator is?"

"I think it's this thing," Sally said, pounding on the air filter.

"Nope," I said, proud because I knew that was the carburetor.

"I thought that was the carburetor," Britty said, pointing to something else.

"Well, it doesn't matter anyway," I mumbled, trying to change the subject. "We are looking for the radiator, right? I think it may be this thing." I had seen people pour water into holes in the top of the thing I had my hand on, and I knew water went in the radiator.

"Are you sure?" Britty asked, not confident in my knowledge of automobiles. She bent over to see what I was referring to.

"Almost positive," I reassured myself.

Sally looked puzzled. So did Britty.

"Come on, you guys, look!" I encouraged. "I know it's around this vicinity somewhere."

"You mean the vicinity of Westbrook or the vicinity of whatever this thing is?" Britty said sarcastically, with her hand on the radiator.

"Oh, pooh," I said, and started digging in the grease.

"We had better hurry," Sally said, anxious to make it to the movie.

I grabbed a handful of wires and turned them one way, then another. Britty and Sally did the same with two other wires that protruded from around the radiator. "Hey, I think I found it!" I yelled after about ten minutes of searching. I clutched a black mass of tape in my dirty hand. I peeled and peeled until I was positive of what I was holding. The spare key!

"Come on, let's hurry," Sally said as she grabbed the key and unlocked the door. I shut the hood and jumped into the front seat beside Britty. As we pulled out of McDonald's, my watch read 6:55. We had exactly five minutes to get to the movie.

Tammy Mountain, 17
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

Before The Dawn: An Indian History

PART II: HUNTING INDIAN ARTIFACTS IN FRYEBURG by E. W. Barbour

In July of 1969, Helen Leadbeater introduced me to Indian Artifact Hunting. Prior to that, Helen had long been interested in local Indian lore and finding artifacts, and, although we frequently swam together in the Saco and picnicked on its banks in the summer and snowshoed in the winter, she had never mentioned her fascinating hobby to me. The need of a companion to explore a newly-bulldozed lot in Center Fryeburg led to an invitation to join her in a "dig."

This area was once the shore of Bear Pond which drained when the Canal was cut to divert the course of the Saco River—around 1816.

Except for lamenting the white man's intrusion on this peaceful land, I had given little thought to Indians and even less to what they left behind, so I was not prepared to be overly enthusiastic. But, after the first thrust of my garden trowel into the earth, I became thoroughly hooked.

The site of my initial "dig" was next to the old Corn Shop in Center Fryeburg where, at one time, canning corn and squash had been a thriving business. A house which had originally stood in front of the canning factory and contained the offices had recently been moved a short distance to the left of the factory onto a newly-dug and cemented foundation, the area first having been bulldozed.

It was here that I found my first piece of pottery and my first "flake," and, having tasted success, I attacked the earth with vigor no one could have matched. My energetic efforts frequently appalled Helen, who was more prone to dig with a spoon than a trowel. Helen maintained it was better "to let the dead past bury its artifacts" than to dig them improperly. I mildly disagreed as I was worried lest permission to dig at all might be withdrawn.

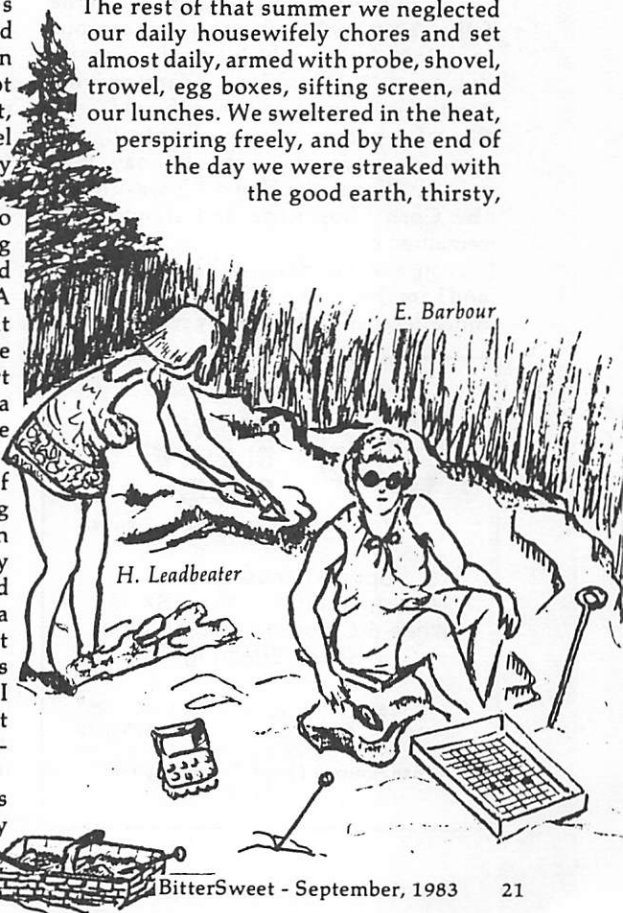
At any rate, my unorthodox methods paid off and yielded considerable pottery

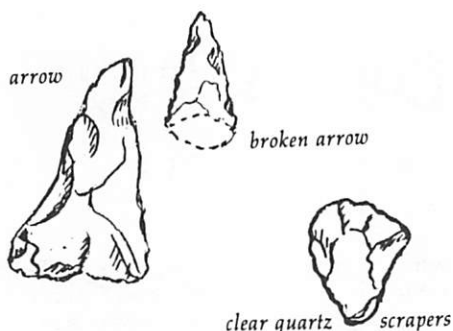
which I generously gave to Helen. This same portion of pot, the pieces fitted and glued together, is now in the Maine State Museum in Augusta.

My other prize was a stone axe which my husband, Henry, whom I cajoled into coming with us, dug up. He discovered this by probing with a metal rod. The axe head was buried a good fifteen inches down in the sand in an area which had been bulldozed and the topsoil removed.

The property was then owned by Alan Bennett. The house, not fully renovated, became our headquarters for days of diligently digging, sorting, uttering cries of delight and moans of frustration.

The rest of that summer we neglected our daily housewifely chores and set almost daily, armed with probe, shovel, trowel, egg boxes, sifting screen, and our lunches. We sweltered in the heat, perspiring freely, and by the end of the day we were streaked with the good earth, thirsty,





Illustrations by E. W. Barbour

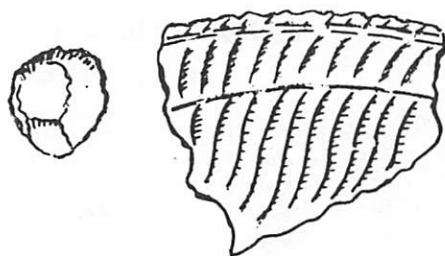
and exhausted. Always, on the way home, we stopped at the Canal Beach Bridge and cleansingly refreshed ourselves in the cool, clean Saco River.

Since our dig was very near the road, our activities aroused many comments from passers-by, who could imagine what we were doing. One lady asked a nearby resident if "those two women are trying to dig a well."

Permission to dig was withdrawn in the fall of 1969, as Mr. Bennett was anxious to sell the house, which he subsequently did. In 1971 David Hill, a farmer from North Fryeburg, purchased the old Corn Shop for potato storage. Eventually the street was named, or should I say, misnamed "Woodlawn Street." It was always the Corn Shop Road and should have remained so.

I concede that Helen is the archaeologist and I am the "Great White Hunter." For a more detailed and scholarly report, I refer

Rim-portion of pot found under sand where topsoil had been bulldozed.



you to Mrs. Leadbeater.

In the spring of 1970, Helen took me to the fields beyond the "Bemis Cemetery" which lies behind the Methodist Church in Fryeburg Harbor. These acres of farm land are owned by Roy Andrews and leased to David Hill. The old Saco River borders the land.

At that time, the fields were not plowed, so we concentrated on digging into undisturbed areas along the river bank where we found numerous artifacts and pieces of pottery.

The following year the fields were plowed for the first time in six years and beans were planted. Helen and I went to the "Bean Field" frequently, sometimes roasting under the hot sun and sometimes sitting out thunderstorms in the car before we resumed carefully picking our way between the rows of beans.

This area was abundant in artifacts and showed signs of many fire rings. We found arrows, triangular points, small drills, a great many scrapers, and various other tools fashioned from different kinds of stone, including flint, jasper, quartz, etc. Pieces of pottery were plentiful, too—unfortunately, churned, broken, and strewn by the plow.

On one occasion, before the crop was planted, I found a large piece of pottery on the surface and started to dig, turning up several more good-sized pieces of the same pot buried in the earth. I am almost sure I could have found more had not the plow come along and almost run over me. I was forced to leave, though I tried to convince the driver my project was as important as his. He did not agree with me.

The "Bean Field" (which it remains, though the harvest varies from potatoes



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to corn and back to beans) is my favorite "happy hunting ground." There are approximately 50 acres. The view of the mountains is inspiring and just wandering through the fields gives one a feeling of the past and a sense of peace in the present.

While we always asked for permission to go on anyone's land, and were very careful not to disturb any crop, our presence was not viewed very sympathetically by some. In 1974 we were, to put it mildly, "discouraged" from going on the Bean Field.

Some other sites, on the course of the old Saco River, while less abundant in artifacts, did yield ample evidence of long-ago Indian occupancy.

Horace Gray kindly let us go in his garden bordering on the Charles River and Kezar Outlet which runs into the old Saco River opposite the Bean Field. We could not spend much time there as he was in the process of harrowing prior to planting his garden.

Harold Thurston was most agreeable and did not mind us looking or even digging a little in his fields. He promised that if he was plowing while we were digging, he would "simply steer the plow around us."

The Hemlock Bridge road, some distance from the covered bridge, going toward Frog Alley, looked like a possibility to me, so I suggested we look there. We did, finding a variety of artifacts and many small pieces of pottery. We did not do any digging so all our finds were surface finds.

Some of these artifacts, particularly those found behind the Bemis Cemetery in Fryeburg Harbor and on the Bean Field, have been seen and photographed by Robert G. McKay and Mike Gramly. Mr. McKay, Research Associate Maine Archaeological Conservation Program, is from the University of Maine, Orono. Mr. Gramly is an archaeologist employed by the Maine State Museum at Augusta.

The gentlemen agree that these artifacts are 200-3000 years old.

Mrs. Barbour, a thirty-year resident of Fryeburg, told us that she "putters in paint pots, keeps up various scrapbooks in the library (particularly on Fryeburg Houses) and tries to find excuses for not having time for housework."

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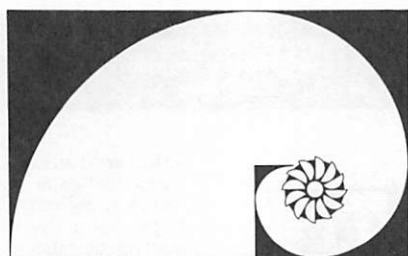
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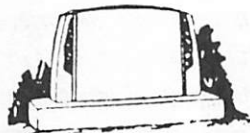
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... Page 5 Goings On

Exhibits

Aug. 17-Sept. 10: *Walter Brightwell, Watercolors & Oils, Hobe Sound Galleries North, 1 Milk St., Portland. (207/773-2755)*

Aug. 20-Sept. 25: *Abbot Pattison, Paintings, Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art, Westbrook College, Portland. Also: Peter Milton's "The Jolly Corner," a suite of intaglio prints illustrating Henry James' ghost story. Tel. 207/797-9546.*

Oct. 1: *First Annual Maine Antiques Forum, 9 a.m. at Varney Lecture Hall, School St., Brunswick. Sponsored by the Pejepscot Historical Society, which is currently raising money to purchase & restore two Victorian buildings in Brunswick—once the homes of Civil War hero Gen. Joshua Chamberlain and sea captains Samuel & Alfred Skolfield. Day-long forum will feature nine experts on Maine antiques. Cost: \$25, including refreshments & buffet luncheon at the Stowe House. Pre-register, deadline Sept. 20. Call 207/729-6606 or write PHS at 159 Maine St., Brunswick, ME 04011.*

Oct. 1: *Lecture on Heisey Glass by Frank Maloney, Trustee of Natl. Heisey Museum, Newark, OH. Oct. 8:* *Lecture on Rose Palette Chinese Export Porcelain by Dr. H. A. Crosby Forbes, Founder-Curator of China Trade Museum, Milton, MA. Oct. 15:* *Identification Day & Gallery Tour. Fee \$5, inc. refreshments. Oct. 29:* *Lecture on Mary Gregory Glass by noted author-lecturer Raymond Barlow. Lectures start at 11, include lunch. Fee: \$15. Pre-registration: The Jones Gallery of Glass & Ceramics, E. Baldwin, ME 04024. (207/787-3370) Museum location: Douglas Hill, Sebago. Reg. hrs. Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5:00. Adults \$2, Seniors & Students \$1.50, Children & Members Free.*

ETC.

Sept. 13: *Songo River Queen Ride for all Grange Members & Friends, 6:30 p.m., Naples.*

Sept. 17: *Dance, Naples Fire Barn, Live Music ("The Cruisers"). 8:30-12:30 p.m.*

SPECIAL:

Tea at Artemus Ward House in Waterford's own National Historic Register District. It's served 3-5 every Weds.-Sun. (Prix fixe.) The boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln's and Mark Twain's favorite humorist has been lovingly transformed with golden light, lovely colors, unexpected paintings, and tea-time delicacies to please the most jaded palate (Oh! that Trifle!), Keoka Lake views and horses in the paddock. Phone proprietor Lynn Baker at 207/583-4106 for reservations.

Third week of Sept.: *American Constitution Week, proclaimed by the D.A.R. Have you read our constitution lately?*

DO YOUR OWN PROBATE IN MAINE

by Fern Tudor Wells

The second in a two-part series on cutting the high costs of dying.

You have always heard people talk about the high cost of living. You now hear more and more people talk (out loud!) about the high cost of dying. There are ways to cut down these costs.

One cost-cutting method is to avoid attorneys' fees for probating wills. About ninety percent of all wills handled are informal probate, and no attorney is needed.

Under the new probate code (1 January, 1981), "Probate is greatly simplified," according to one South Paris lawyer. "The forms are easily understood. You do not need a lawyer to understand the requirements," claims the attorney.

On balance, one Oxford County probate official counters with this statement: "The lawyers say they are now making more money (doing probate). There is more paper work."

You may draw some conclusions from the change in number and cost of the required forms. In August, 1980, there was one double form, one single form necessary; total cost forty cents. My receipt, dated 10 June, 1982, shows the number of forms increased from two to five; partial cost two dollars. (Were I actually to file, two more copies of the multiple forms at 50¢ each would be needed.)

As of 1 January, 1982, if you go to the Probate Office, the staff is legally obliged to help you. In the South Paris office (where I went), the personnel were most obliging—gracious, in fact.

Should you wish to file informal probate, you will be involved in five phases. They are:

(1) Within a reasonable time, you, as custodian of the will, submit it to the Registry of Probate Office along with an application for an informal probate of will or appointment of the personal representative under a will, or both. (DE-201-I, three copies required.) You will also need to submit a certificate of value (DE-401), and an acceptance of appointment as personal representative (N-114). After the findings are made, letters of authority (DE-404) are sent out.

(2) You, as personal representative,

must see that notice (N-115) is given to all heirs legally entitled to inherit and to all devisees—those willed to inherit.

(3) After notices are received, anybody who is going to contest the will may contest. *You must have an attorney if the will is contested.* "Formal probate is much more cumbersome," states the above Paris practitioner.

(4) Should nobody express a desire to have the will pass through *intestacy* (formal probate), you, as personal representative, will have the estate appraised (check with your banker for an appraiser); the inventory kept in files; and a copy sent to the state assessor (DE-405).

(5) You, the personal representative, then file with each devisee the plan of distribution: who gets what. You must also publish in a county publication for two weeks a notice to creditors. From the time of the first publication of notice to creditors, all creditors have four months to claim anything due them. If nothing is claimed in four months, the estate may be closed.

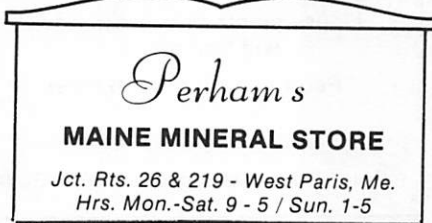
Closing by sworn statement of the personal representative (DE-602) along with a copy of the distribution plan, has to be sent to all interested persons; i.e., the court, the devisees, and the creditors.

If no proceedings involving the personal representative are pending in the court one year after the statement is filed, the appointment of the personal representative terminates.

The estate is closed.

You can handle informal probate. You can cut the high cost of dying by doing what you would otherwise have to pay an attorney to do.

You may purchase the necessary probate forms in the Registry of Probate office



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(Ed. Note: Since this article was written over a year ago, it would be wise to check whether all forms are still the same). You may wish to pick up a set for your own information—the fee is nominal; actually infinitesimal when compared to the importance of knowing in advance of need!

And, compared to the bundle you may save on probate, how can you lose?

The Registry of Probate office is located in your county courthouse. Check with your local office for operating hours.

A free-lance journalist and former medical researcher who now resides in Otisfield, Fern Tudor Wells has been in the Who's Who of American Women in Journalism.

Sweet Finds

SAFER HOME CANNING

In the August "Extension Line" bulletin from the Cooperative Extension Service of the University of Maine, new Oxford County Extension Agent Wendy Legg Pollock shared new techniques in home canning. U.S. Dept. of Agriculture food scientists have found ways to improve the existing processing procedures (developed in the 1940's) and thus reduce food spoilage and health hazards.

Some of those tips include a new recommendation that peeled and quartered tomatoes be brought to a boil and packed boiling hot in hot canning jars—no more cold-packed tomatoes. Tomato processing times were raised, as well, to 35 min. for pints, 45 min. for quarts, and 35 min. for tomato juice (pts. or qts.). New methods of canning pumpkin, squash, and applesauce were also announced.

Your extension office is a valuable source of information. Last month's bulletin also offered a free pressure-canner gauge check, warnings on aluminum cookware, and tips for helping your child love going to school. We recommend that you investigate the extension soon.

ALSO: A MUPPET MOVIE

The Maine Publicity Bureau tells us that the third Muppet Movie, currently in the planning stages, expects to have Fozzie Bear vacationing in Maine, sending various scenic postcards (supplied by MPB) to all his friends. One of the cards shows Maine bears (with whom Fozzie is supposedly staying). Sounds good to us!

Back Issues Available

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Dear Carolyn,

September, 1983

*A grandmother writes
a fifty-five-year-old tale
of cross-country adventure
for four young girls
in a Model A Ford.*

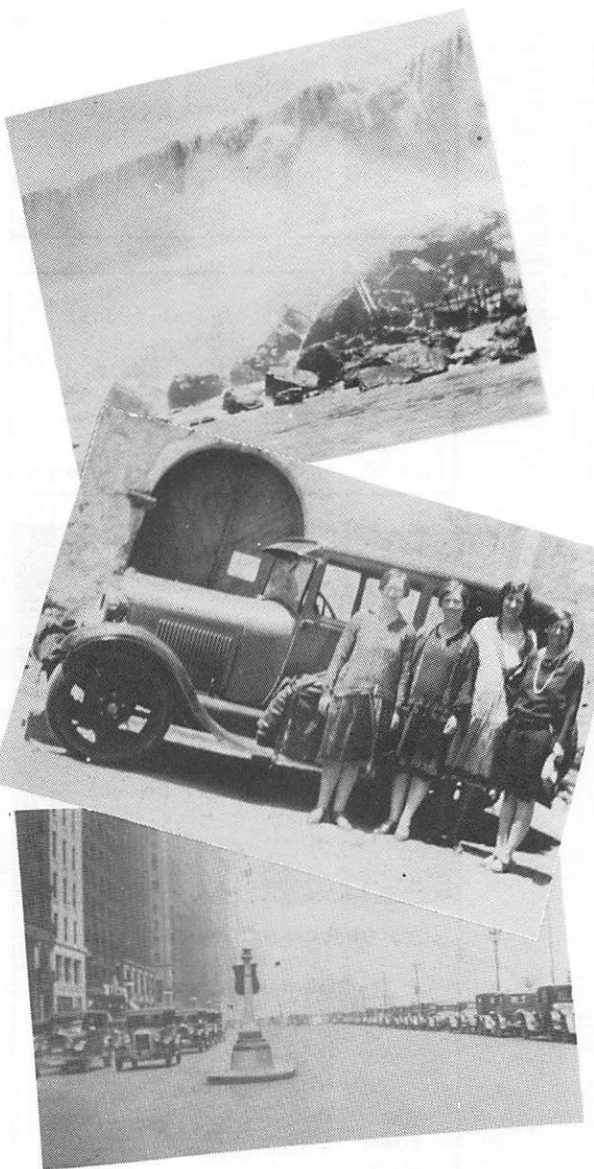
You ask why your grandmother, as a young lady in 1928, set out to see the United States. I guess I would have to say, *Curiosity*—curiosity as to what the world looked like outside the area (Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts) that I knew.

In 1926, on the first Saturday after my arrival in a smallish New Hampshire town to take my first job as a *bona fide* member of the adult working force, Fate provided two new friends who invited me to climb a mountain in Vermont. "And what is so exciting about that?" you may ask. In itself, nothing, except that these two, plus a cousin, had for a long time been seeking a compatible soul with both a yen like theirs to see the world, and the circumstances to satisfy that yen. They were hoping I would be that person.

A number of invitations and associations later, they broached their plan to buy a car and camping equipment, arrange the necessary travel time, and agree on what we all wanted to see. Now, my job paid me exactly \$25. per week and I did, after all, have to eat and pay my way generally, so we decided that, with Spartan living until then, we should be able to start our adventure by June, 1928.

Fortunately, Mr. Henry Ford had, earlier that year, put on the market his exciting Model A, and the local Ford dealer had promised us his very first car. Poor man had also to teach me to drive it. The car, like all the other Model A's, had only one windshield wiper, no heat or air conditioning, a gas pedal about the size of a silver dollar that, after driving for a few hours, seemed to burn a hole in the sole of your foot. But it did have a self-starter button which was a real improvement over Mr. Ford's previous car, the Model T, which had to be hand cranked.

There were running boards that one stepped on to enter the car and on which one stored the tool box and any extra luggage. The spare tire was attached to



Top: Niagara Falls from "The Maid of The Mist."
Middle: Four girls & a car. Tallest girl is the author.
Bottom: Michigan Ave., Chicago, in 1928.



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the car's rear for easy access and all too often it had to be used, for the tires then were merely casings that shielded the inner tube that held the air. Every prudent driver learned early how to change a tire and patch and blow up the inner tube.

While on the subject of cars, I should also tell you that cars then had no directional lights. One signaled one's intention by thrusting the left arm out of the car and giving the proper official signal—a closed fist with index finger pointing meant "left turn"; a right angle position, arm bent at elbow meant, "I am turning right"; and the arm extended and in circular motion said, "Watch out! I am planning to stop."

Since we planned to camp (tent) most of the trip, space for tent, blankets, stove, and luggage for four people had to be found. Even now, I cannot figure how we did it, but we did—through Niagara Falls to Canada to Detroit where we went through the Ford factory, to Chicago, across the prairies, up through the Black Hills and Badlands of South Dakota, to Yellowstone, Salt Lake City, Yosemite, Sequoia National Park, the exciting rodeo with real wild horses from the plains at Salinas, California, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Mexico, the Mohave desert, down into Grand Canyon on mule back to stay over night and eat our first rabbit (which we thought was chicken).

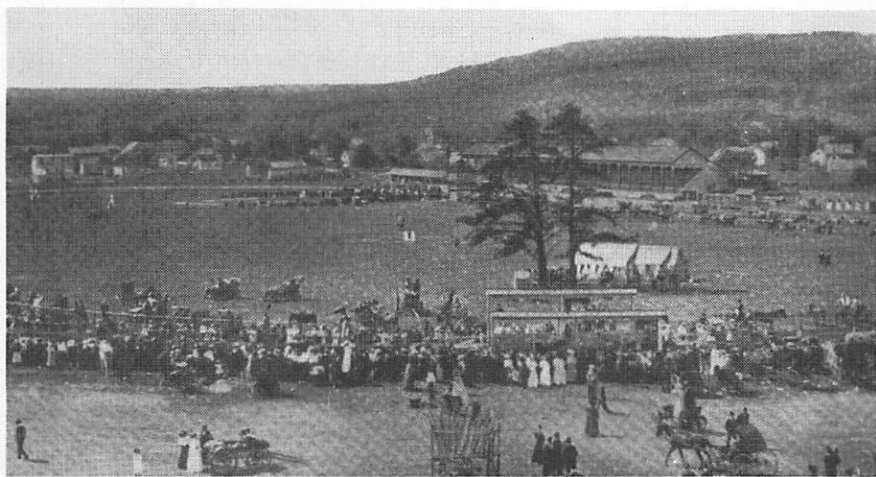
But I am going too fast. Let me go back and start from the beginning.

After a year and a half of planning and saving, we were ready to go. I left Maine about 8:30 a.m. on June 21 and arrived at the first friend's house in New Hampshire just in time for a late lunch. If this seems to you a pretty long time to go so short a distance, let me remind you that roads were neither very good nor well marked and the top speed of the car was fifty m.p.h.—and that achieved, as they said, "going down hill at full throttle."

With her and cousin Miriam's stuff added to mine, we were off for our fourth passenger in western New Hampshire. Adding Whit's stuff to ours meant a complete reorganization and our first elimination of all baggage not absolutely essential.

We spread our blankets on the car seats and sat on them the whole trip no matter how hot it became during those mid-

Can You Place It?



The above scene was a familiar one every September up until about twenty years ago. If you can identify it, write to us at P.O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.

summer days. Please remember, there were no sleeping bags then that you take for granted today. Where everything else went I no longer remember, but go it did, for we certainly needed everything we took. We wore knickers most of the time, but on extremely hot days had to change to the one dress each of us had permitted ourselves. Each of us also was allowed a "dress up" dress and shoes for city, church, and visiting wear.

We prepared only our breakfasts and suppers, so refrigeration space needed was small and, since fresh fruit and other supplies were usually easily bought, we kept well nourished. The dried meals today's hikers take for granted did not exist then. Our main meal was eaten mid day when we were in a city or town, thus allowing each of us to buy for herself as much of any appealing food as desired.

Though tenting was to be our overnight accommodation, when inclement weather or safety demanded, we were financially prepared for tourist homes or hotels. In those days, there were no motels, but in most cities, private homes with extra bedrooms put out a sign "Tourist Home" and gave the weary traveler a

clean bed and access to the family bathroom for one dollar each. A bath usually cost twenty-five cents extra. In Chicago and Los Angeles (actually, Pasadena), we stayed with relatives. What kind and generous people—not only to take in four non-paying guests, but also to show them the sights in a way they could never have done on their own!

Those first days out, we savored every change of scenery through Vermont and New York states, but Niagara Falls was our first exciting stop. It was then the Mecca for newlyweds, and whenever we saw a well dressed girl and a boy with new shoes, we looked for the wedding ring. It was always there! And though much fun was made of Niagara Falls as a newlywed attraction, it was and, I assume still is, well worth a visit.

The roar of the falls as fifteen million cubic feet of water fell roughly 167 feet to the river below could be heard long before one saw them, but actually seeing them, taking the tiny boat, *Maid of the Mist*, in hired black oil skin hats and coats to go directly in front of the falls, then viewing them from the many islands and other spots provided—even climbing Brock's

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- Bridgton
- Fryeburg
- Naples



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Monument Tower to see the river where it joined Lake Ontario—all this was a highlight of eastern scenery.

Perhaps here, I should tell you that one of our four was a nutritionist, and so we visited some places the usual traveler might not have. For instance, at Niagara Falls, we visited the Shredded Wheat-Triscuit factory where, fifty-five years ago, they were making two products still popular today.

The cost of camping may explain how one could afford trips like ours. At Niagara Falls, for instance, the charge was two dollars per week. In Canada, which we crossed en route to Detroit, the costs were usually fifty cents per night, and a good meal could be had for fifty-five cents (55¢) or so. Camping fees in the U.S. were comparable.

As in any travel, then and now, one had always to consider tolls and ferry costs. Parking, except for San Francisco, I do not remember ever being a problem.

In Detroit (actually Fordson) we took two hours or so to go through a Ford factory on 1100 acres with twelve miles of roads, eighty-six miles of railroad, a dock, power plant, blast furnace, steel mill,

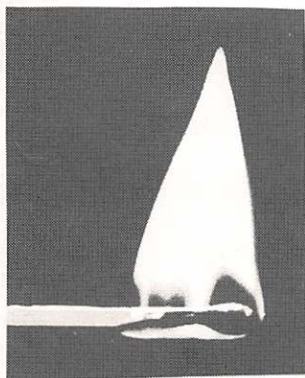
foundry, glass plant, machine shop, and assembly plant. They put forth a completed Ford every two minutes then, with each worker all along the line doing just one operation. I seem to remember this *modus operandi* was a worker innovation of Ford's and accounted, in part, for his being able to produce a car every worker could afford. Though it was a tiring tour, all of us considered the experience most worthwhile.

Then, after many miles of beautiful country and ugly cities like Gary, Indiana, three days later, we were in Chicago—frightened at the prospect of big city driving, but reassured at one of the first traffic light stops where, when I drove over the white line at the light, a traffic policeman called out cheerily, "Take it easy, girly." And so we relaxed, for this was our first place to be sheltered and entertained by relatives.

And I would guess this is a good place to stop. If you want to hear anymore, I will take you with us on the rest of the trip.

Love,
Grandma Harlow

Continued next month.



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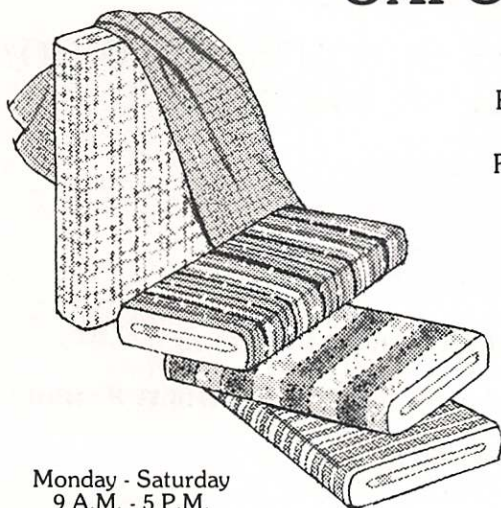
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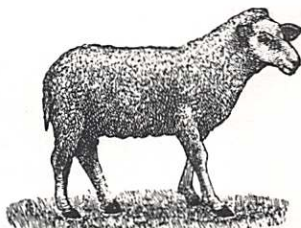


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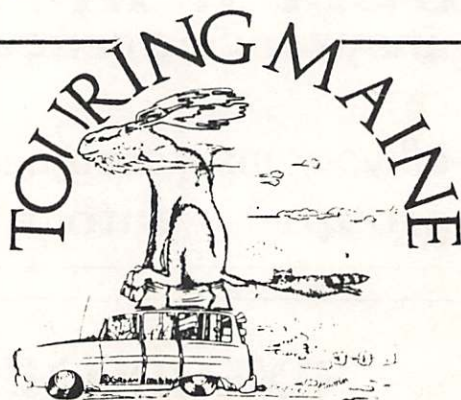
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